

**PARADOXICAL.**

A sweet exotic born midst only smiles  
Is carefully transplanted to such climes.  
Where all without is chilly, very drear,  
Still she is safe as nurtured by truest love.  
She finds a mate right worthy of herself  
From out the massive, sterling hardy trees  
That dot the valleys, hilltops everywhere,  
Till vast grandeur reaches the sublime.  
The sweet exotic and the massive tree  
Are each enrich'd thro' mutual confidence.  
Tendered or strengthened as the case may be,  
Developed for the glory of the Lord,  
He gains assisted by such mutual love,  
Be strengthened well myself in coming life,  
As shadowed in a holy brotherhood  
That knows no section, station as it works.  
This is a struggling after honest worth,  
A struggle in obedience to the law,  
As kept for us—in the one chaste pure life.  
Our pattern, substitute, our all in all.  
W. W.

**WEALTH IN ONE SONG.**

"AFTER THE BALL" NETS A YOUNG MAN \$1,000 PER DAY.

The Most Successful Ballad of the Century—A Composer Who Cannot Read Music—How He Suddenly Awoke to Find Himself Famous.

(Special Correspondence.)  
MILWAUKEE, Wis.—It is a matter of more than passing interest that a Milwaukee boy has broken the record, in these record breaking days, as a song writer, publisher and seller. Everybody now says is singing that irresistible ballad, "After the Ball." The chorus—  
After the ball is over, after the break of dawn,  
After the dancers' leaving, after the stars are  
Many a heart is aching, if you could read them  
Many the hopes that have vanished, after the  
is heard everywhere, and it is probably the most successful song of the century over 800,000 copies having been sold. It is said that no other song ever sold to so large an extent, and it is certainly a fact that no other song ever netted its composer a fortune in a few months' time.

The story of this song, "After the Ball," is full of human interest. The words and music were composed by Charles K. Harris in a few hours, and the most remarkable thing of all, outside of its popularity, is that the composer doesn't know one musical note from another! Harris is of Hebrew extraction, is 28 years of age, is self educated and is the composer of at least 12 ballads that are now riding the topmost wave of popularity. He is of small stature, with red hair and blue eyes, and had eked out the usual everyday existence until a few months ago as a teacher of the banjo. Today he is one of the rich men of Milwaukee and is enjoying an income of over \$1,000 a day from the sales of "After the Ball."

Harris has struggled with all of the phases of poverty, but one morning about six months ago he awoke to find himself famous.

The composer showed me a record of forty amusement enterprises that were using his song as a feature of their entertainments. It was first brought to public notice, by a member of Hilden & Hart's company late in the spring. Its refrain has traveled around the world and is now being sung everywhere. Go where you may, you can't get out of its reach. It has been dubbed the Colum-

mer, and millions of Americans are singing it. It is just now the rage in London and Paris, and the Swiss and Italian makers of music boxes and hand organs have immortalized it in these instruments of torture, and its popularity is actually increasing day by day. Cold weather may freeze it out, or cholera may come and divide honors with it, but these are mere surmises.

That almost a million copies have been printed and sold is no surprise or matter of guesswork. I called on Mr. Harris, the composer, yesterday, and he verified this remarkable statement by showing me his order books and cash receipts. Leading dealers are ordering the song in 5,000 lots, and Harris' income has averaged for several weeks \$1,200 a day from the sale of his songs.

The career of the young composer and the story of how he wrote "After the Ball" possesses many elements of romantic interest. He was born in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., in 1864. When a year old, his parents removed to New York city, where his boyhood was passed. When 13 years of age, the boy came with his family to Milwaukee, where he has lived ever since. When comparatively young, he began composing music, and thus far upward of 20 of his compositions have been published. He never had the advantage of a musical education, but he takes to music and music making as naturally as a duck takes to water. His first songs were sold to publishers, but shortly after young Harris became his own publisher. Several songs proved fairly successful, and one entitled "Kiss and Let's Make Up" netted him \$8,000. But it was not until he composed "After the Ball" that things began coming his way in tallyho and coupes. Harris told me, and I now give for the first time the simple story of how the song was written. Last March the Milwaukee bicyclers were preparing to give an amateur entertainment. Sam Doctor, a local singer, called on Harris one morning about a week before the show and asked him to write him a song. Harris had attended a ball in Chicago the night before and was lying on a sofa in his office when Doctor called. "I am too tired, Sam," said Harris, "to try to do anything just now. I am suffering from the fatigue of after the ball." Doctor urged his claims, and finally Harris consented to compose something for his friend. "I will tell the rest of the story in his own language."

"The words of my reply, 'After the Ball,' kept ringing in my ears, and I quickly recognized that I had a catchy title for a song. I thought out the verses, and little by little the tune came to me, and I fitted the words to it. Finally the whole thing developed, and it came to me like an inspiration. I hurried to a music house and ascertained that no music had been published bearing the same or a similar title to 'After the Ball.' Then I sent for Joseph Clander, the orchestra leader, and picked out the piece on the piano for him—I can't read or write music, but I can play anything by ear—and I asked him if he could write it down for me. Clander can grasp and write music as quickly as a stenographer can take a dictation, and in an hour or so I had the words and music of 'After the Ball' on paper.

"Well, I gave the manuscripts to Doctor, and after rehearsing it he sang it for the first time at the amateur minstrel show. I sat way back in the house, very nervous over the outcome. Doctor sang two verses finely and got a tremendous applause. This staggered him, and he forgot the third. I left the house chagrined and mortified. I threw the manuscripts in a drawer with a lot of rubbish, fully determined never to publish or look at it again. But the people who heard it remembered the

tune, and it grew on them. I heard boys whistling it a few days later. Some Chicago visitors carried it to that city, and I had two or three inquiries for it. Two weeks later Ditson of Boston ordered 10 copies. I don't know how it had got that far out. This order induced me to publish the song, and the result is known. Today I had a telegraphic order from this same Boston house for 5,000 copies. I expect the circulation to touch the million mark early in September. I keep two printing houses at work on my music, and my bills for press work are \$5,000 per month.  
G. H. YESOWINE.

**SOUTHERN NEWS NOTES.**

Important Happenings Told in a Few Lines For Hasty Readers.

DALLAS, Tex., Feb. 19.—A. M. Britton, well known in Fort Worth and throughout the state as a banker, cattleman and general financier, is now in the custody of United States Marshal Hunt. Britton was a brother-in-law of W. S. Lomax, cashier of the First National bank of Vernon, who committed suicide four months ago. The indictment on which Britton was arrested charged him with embezzling \$65,000 from the First National bank of Vernon, making false entries and giving false reports to the United States comptroller. He was arraigned before Judge Rector and given a preliminary hearing. His bond was fixed at \$30,000.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Feb. 16.—Mine No. 2, of the Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railroad company, at Blooston, is on fire and is burning fiercely. Only one man is known to have been suffocated, although others may have been. Will West, a pumper, was the victim. A searching party got his body out. The mine has been flooded with water, but the flames are still raging. From present indications, the monetary loss will be great. About 500 miners will be thrown out of employment for several weeks, probably longer. The mine is the largest in Alabama.

CHATTANOOGA, Feb. 17.—Dent Porter, a negro boy aged 10 years, was burned to a cinder about 11 o'clock p. m. at the Citico furnace, east of this city. He had fallen asleep near the narrow gauge track, over which the iron cars or caldrons of seething hot slag are handled after each charge from the furnace. As the engine puffed past him the door at the bottom of one of the cars fell and a fire stream of molten iron gushed over the prone figure, bringing death without a moment of warning or pain.

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CHARLES K. HARRIS.  
bian song of the World's fair, and one has heard nothing else there. The bands have played it, the soloists have sung it, and even the Dahomeyans and Nubians of the Midway who can't speak a word of English and the dancing girls of the Persian and Algerian theaters have learned to hum the tune.  
"After the Ball" has been a veritable contagion. From the Bowery to Coney Island it has been the ballad of the sum-

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